

19.

not above taking on a pregnant one

he was not above taking on a pregnant one. she was a southern belle, two months gone, with dual gun boats for breasts and long red hair that hung to her ass. a wide, toothy smile broke across her freckled face like sunlight.

it was lust at first sight. the baby barely showed through her tightly buttoned jeans. he took her out to lunch; they discussed her two previous marriages, her happy present union, the expected child. she kindly explained how she had

spent her 30 years sowing wild oats. he arrived on the scene 15 minutes too late.

20.

the mind and the flesh

his luck turned. he lost at love repeatedly. having been burned several times, he developed a hard exterior: cauterization of the soul. he lost his nerve and his sense of humor with it. confidence failed.

he sat at his beer at a 45 degree lean nursing old battle wounds. the jukebox moaned, grumbled torch songs. his heart did a swan dive into mud. the fluids dried into powder. when

finally some woman broke through the tough shell of his reserve, she found limp noodle jello inside him.